THE PORT FOLIO,

(NEW SERIES)

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

Various, that the mind
Of desultory man, studious of change,
And pleas'd with novelty, may be indulg'd.
COWPER.

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ORIGINAL PAPERS.

For the Port Folio.

THE AMERICAN LOUNGER.

BY SAMUEL SAUNTER, ESQ.

No. 155.

To prey on easy nymphs they range the shade,
And vainly boast of innocence betray'd;
Chaste hearts, unlearn'd in falsehood, they assail,
And think our ears will drink the grateful tale!
GAY.

Ah misera! assiduis quam luctibus externavit
Spinosas Erycina serens in pectore curas!
CATULLUS.

IT ought not to surprise us, that men betray the secrets of others, while we see them without wit enough to keep their own. We shall often find them making a public show of actions, which the least impulse of self-love should teach them to conceal.

There are crimes, concerning the turpitude of which the world is happily agreed; but I have remarked, with concern, that the breach of faith with woman is not of the number:

This prince, for virtue so rever'd and fam'd,
Thinks perjury and ingratitude no crimes!
Seems to forget he ever lov'd, then left
A helpless maid to mourn her easy faith!

I know very well, that the multitude of facts which range under the general title of seduction, differ very much from each other, and ought not to be spoken of in indiscriminate terms. It is this mixed character of the thing which leads to the want of unanimity in the judgment pronounced. We are alternately told of the perfidy of the men, and the levity of the women; and both, it is not to be doubted, with truth; but we are not thence to conclude that the principles of right and wrong are perplexed, or inapplicable here. I require of no man more than probity requires. Let him speak the truth, and keep his word, and I have nothing to say; but, when I talk of his word, let him not imagine that I have in view only a formal promise. He that woos a woman (if a phrase so poetical may be allowed me), nay, to prevent all cavilling, he that accepts the person of a woman (I am certainly not speaking of public women), makes her an implied promise of a very important kind. It were easy to show, from the very nature of things, from the helplessness of a mother, and the active powers of a man, that there subsists, without verbal recognition, an engagement on the part of the latter to support, protect, and "cherish," the woman who commits herself to his arms.

When I speak of a virtuous woman, I beg I may not be understood to exclude every one but such as is—

A cake of ice,
Whom all the love in th' empire cannot thaw.

I think proper to settle this point with my reader, before I proceed.

He that betrays a woman, does so either through determined villany, thoughtlessness, or an unpremeditated breach of contract. In the first character,

I might, perhaps not unavailingly, attempt to rouse some feelings favourable to my purpose; but the second, and third, demand much serious attention.

The thoughtless look at the world as the theatre on which their pleasures are to be enjoyed, and so far they are not in the wrong; but they must not enjoy their pleasures at the expense of the pains of others. Nay, they are not always so cruel; they do but participate pleasures, with others as thoughtless as themselves. I say, it becomes them to awaken. It becomes them to look at the world as the theatre, as well of pain as of pleasure, and not madly to follow the one, altogether forgetful of the other. I call upon them, in the midst of passion, to remember the natural engagement with its object, of which I have spoken; an engagement, the magnitude of which, in society, is increased both in scope and weight.

But I have heard language to which I reply, You who, though you would not compromise your honour by verbal falsehood, yet trifle at will with the happiness of your fellow-creatures, have you a heart hard enough to rest your defence on the doctrine, that you are free to seek your own pleasures; and, that the consequences to others is for their consideration, and no part of your concern? Are you, then, selfish enough to have no remorse for having been, in any shape, the cause of the miseries of others, so long as your too easy conscience do not load you with the guilt? "Lay not this flattering unction to your soul!" Be more generous, if not more innocent. Can you be without tenderness for her? Is your memory silent? Can she have been what she has been, and your heart not plead in her behalf?

Per connubia nostra, et incæptos hymenæos.

But, has the world given you the hopeful lesson, that persons like her have not your feelings?—Learn better!

Sir, the argument stands thus: Here is a creature born into the world; born with innocence and hope: you have destroyed both! You have interposed between her and the course of nature, and shut out all her prospects. She entered a life of uncertain colour, and it is you that have hung it all with black. Can you be at ease under this reflection? And will you talk of her weakness, and not of the cruelty that practised upon it? That weakness of which you speak left every thing to your honor. You see, then, that your honor is lost! Would you not say so on any similar occasion? Do you know what name we give to the ingenious gentleman that persuades a countryman to part with his money? I wish you to think on the matter thus; and to use the same honesty in your dealings with woman, that you think necessary between man and man. I wish strongly to impress on your mind, that by interfering with her destiny, you take upon yourself a high responsibility.—I am not deterred by the fear of being charged with extravagant digression, from saying that it is on this principle the Americans have a duty to perform toward Hamet Bashaw. He was taken from Egypt, I care not upon what terms; and to Egypt we are bound to carry him back.

The point of view in which I would engage men to look at this subject, is that which takes in the sufferings of a woman, seduced, and abandoned. The thoughtless persons of whom I have spoken are often the most well-meaning possible. But it is not enough to be well-meaning: we must think.—Without this, we shall often, with the bitterest anguish, see ourselves the cause of misery which no present effort of ours can assuage; and find, with horror, that in spite of a benignant heart, we have produced all the mischief that could have been effected by the most determined villain; and that, as we have performed the part, so we must submit to bear the name. I never think myself better employed than in addressing such a character as I have here in view. I love to warn him of unforeseen dangers. I love to watch his steps, to impede his progress in depravity, to disturb his slumbers, to recal him, "while time is;" and teach him, if not to repair the evil he has done, at least to do no more. I love to hold

up, by anticipation, the picture of consequences; and, before it is too late, to force from him who compares the first scene with the last, the beginning with the end, the impressive exclamation,—

'That it should come to this!'

But, I do not confine myself to him. I do not hesitate to talk of sorrows, even to those who will hear them with more than a dry eye, and point out to them the terms and bearings of the precepts they despise.

An indifference to the considerations on which I insist belongs to a radical vice, which I conjure you to keep under. I mean that of disregarding the happiness of others, and making your own gratification the sole guide of your actions. Compassion, pity, charity, or by whatever name beside it may be called, is the parent of all the social virtues, as wisdom is, of those that center in ourselves. It is by the union of these qualities, therefore, that we become, at once, 'wise as serpents, and harmless as doves.' Sterne has an exquisite passage on this subject, which I wish every one to have by heart:

''Tis observable, in many places of scripture, that our blessed Saviour, in describing the day of judgment, does it in such a manner, as if the great inquiry then, was to relate principally to this one virtue of compassion—and as if our final sentence at that solemnity was to be pronounced exactly according to the degrees of it: "I was a hungered, and "ye gave me meat—thirsty, and ye "gave me drink—naked, and ye clothed "me—I was sick, and ye visited me— "in prison, and ye came unto me." Not that we are to imagine from thence as if any other good or evil action should then be overlooked by the eye of the All-seeing Judge; but barely to intimate to us, that a charitable and benevolent disposition is so principal and ruling a part of a man's character, as to be a considerable test by itself of the whole frame and temper of his mind, with which all other virtues and vices respectively rise and fall, and will almost necessarily be connected—Tell me therefore of a compassionate man, you represent to me a man of a thousand other good qualities—on whom I may depend—whom I may safely trust with my wife, my children, my fortune and reputation—'Tis for this, as the Apostle argues from the same principle, "that he will not commit adultery— "that he will not kill—that he will not "steal—that he will not bear false wit- "ness." *That is, the sorrows which are stirred up in men's hearts by such trespasses, are so tenderly felt by a compassionate man, that it is not in his power or his nature to commit them.*'

In short, on this turns the whole question. Shall we moderate all our desires, and control all our conduct, by a conscientious regard to the interests of others, or shall we pursue a pitiless career, treading upon this, justling that, overturning a third, rifling all we can reach, appropriating all things to ourselves, and replying to the cries, the tears, and the entreaties of those we have wounded, plundered, and thrown down for ever, by a brutal laugh?—Young man! there are such persons; but let the picture never apply to you. Have more respect for yourself. You were not made for this. I might ask you to have more respect for human nature; for that was not made for this. If any one tell you, that man should naturally pursue a selfish scheme of action, and that all tenderness for others is artificial and refined, turn from him as a calumniator, or rather as a fool. Sympathy is as much a part of your nature, as the principle of self-preservation. I am not contending for any outrageous doctrine of charity; but one that may be practised with but little self-denial, one to which every man is directed by his own heart, unless nature have used him like a step-mother, or unless he be a corrupted and unworthy son. The very brutes possess it, and shall imperial man renounce it? Shall we, with all our pride, be so humble (I would say so base, so vile) as to forgo our claims? To pride, mingled with so much meanness, how well may I apply the severe interrogation of the poet, 'Can he be great who sinks himself so low?'

Multus homo est, Naso (nam tecum multus homo es), qui
Descendit?

I could cite a thousand instances of the display of sympathetic affections in brutes. The creation is not quite so much of a bear-garden as some imagine. I would not have men think so meanly of the place, nor of their company; but be upon their behaviour, lest it should turn out, that they are themselves the principal Hottentots of the assembly.

I do not teach that man comes into the world unempowered to satisfy his own wants, and procure his own enjoyments; but I say that, beside being charged to assist those of others, he has received a most strict injunction to serve himself, first without injury, and in any case with the least possible injury, or privation, with respect to his co-partners in life. Our first duty to the world is to do no wrong; our second, is to confer what benefit we can.

For my part, as I have already intimated, I am not disposed to give precepts of too circumscribing a nature. I think that much harm is done to morals, by a minute, vexatious, and I may say impertinent interference. I leave it to individuals to apply the laws of rectitude to their own conduct; but I wish them so to apply them. I will not decide upon this or that particular case. I will not say, for I do not know, how far you are in the wrong; but 'I am of opinion,' with the honest Irishman in the farce, 'that no man of honor should behave like a rascal.'

For the Port Folio.

BIOGRAPHY.

[The Life of one, who, from the peculiarities of his situation, and the powers of his mind, has had the honour of being candidly described by no less than *four* different biographers, seems to deserve more than ordinary attention. Our curiosity will be still more kindled, when among those biographers we distinguish the names of Joseph Spence and of Henry Mackenzie. Nor have their labours been wasted on a barren topic. Blacklock, like Milton, was blind; and, with something like Milton's power, he 'bade all hinderance vanish before him.' Though nature and fortune, as it should seem, had interdicted him from the paths of literature, yet the eternally active mind will remove every obstacle, and, elastic and aspiring, will often rise, though under the 'iron sway' of adversity. The subject of this article triumphed. No accident could obscure the perfect vision of *Fancy's* eye, and no bleak gale of misfortune could chill the generous ardour of a poet's heart. His life is incentive to bold exertion; his fortitude will invigorate those, who are prone to faint in the race of life. His lays will satisfy and soothe the curious ear. His precepts will direct the young, and his piety warm the aged.]

The Life of BLACKLOCK has a claim to notice beyond that of most of the poets of our nation, with whom he is now associated. He who reads his poems with that interest which their intrinsic merit deserves, will feel that interest very much increased, when he shall be told the various difficulties which their author overcame in their production, the obstacles which nature and fortune had placed in his way, to the possession of those ideas which his mind acquired, and to the communication of those which his poetry unfolds.

A short 'Account of the Life and Writings' of this extraordinary man, was prefixed to the second edition on his *Poems*, printed at Edinburgh, in 1754, by his friend Mr. Gilbert Gordon of Dumfries, author of 'Taste, an Epistle to a Lady,' in Donaldson's 'Collection of Poems,' 1760. A more elaborate 'Account of his Life, Character and Poems,' was given to the world by Mr. Spence, the amiable and elegant author of the 'Essay on Pope's Odyssey,' 'Polymetis,' &c. &c. in an 8vo pamphlet, published at London in the same year, and afterwards prefixed to the 4to edition of his *Poems*, which came out by subscription at London in 1756. These accounts having been writen at a period so early as to include only the opening events of his life, a more full, accurate and interesting 'Account of his Life and Writings,' was prefixed to the 4to edition of his *Poems*, printed at Edinburgh in 1793, by Henry Mackenzie, Esq. author of 'The Prince of Tunis,' 'The Man of Feeling,' and other ingenious and elegant performances.

The facts stated in the present account, are chiefly taken from Mr. Mackenzie's narrative, which is written with such copiousness of intelligence, as leaves little to be supplied, and such felicity of performance, as precludes the most distant hope of improvement. Among the few additional particulars detailed here, the present writer has endeavoured to give a complete account of his writings, the want of which is the principal defect in Mr. Mackenzie's narrative.

Thomas Blacklock was born at Annan, in the county of Dumfries, Nov. 10, 1721. His parents were natives of the county of Cumberland. His father was by trade a bricklayer, his mother the daughter of a considerable dealer in cattle; both respectable in their characters, and it would appear possessed of considerable knowledge and urbanity, which, in a country where education was cheap, and property a good deal subdivided, was often the case with persons of their station.

Before he was six months old, he was totally deprived of his eye-sight by the small-pox, and reduced to that forlorn situation so feelingly described by himself in his *Soliloquy*. This rendered him incapable of any of those mechanical trades to which his father might naturally have been inclined to breed him, and his circumstances prevented his aspiring to the higher professions. The good man, therefore, kept his son in his house, and, with the assistance of some of his friends, fostered that inclination which he early shewed for books, by reading, to amuse him; first the simple sort of publications which are commonly put into the hands of children, and then several passages out of some of our poets. His companions, whom his early gentleness, and kindness of disposition, as well as their compassion for his misfortune, strongly attached to him, were very assiduous in their good offices, in reading to instruct and amuse him. By their assistance, he acquired some knowledge of the Latin tongue; but he never was at a grammar-school, till at a more advanced period of life. Poetry was even then his favourite reading, and he found an enthusiastic delight in the works of Milton, Spenser, Prior, Pope and Addison, and in those of his countryman, Ramsay. From loving and admiring them so much, he soon was led to endeavour to imitate them; and, when scarce twelve years of age, he began to write verses. Among these early essays of his genius, there was one addressed *To a little girl, whom he had offended, written at twelve years of age*, which is preserved in his works, and is not perhaps inferior to any of the premature compositions of boys, assisted by the best education, which are only recalled into notice by the subsequent fame of their author.

He had attained the age of nineteen, when his father was killed by the accidental fall of a malt-kiln belonging to his son-in-law. This loss, heavy to any one at that early age, would have been, however, to a young man possessing the ordinary advantages of education, comparatively light; but to him, thus suddenly deprived of that support on which his youth had leaned, destitute almost of any resource which industry affords to those who have the blessings of sight, with a body feeble and delicate from nature, and a mind congenially susceptible, it is not surprising that this blow was doubly severe, and threw on his spirits that despondent gloom to which he then gave way, and which sometimes overclouded them in the remaining period of his life.

Though dependent, however, he was not destitute of friends, and heaven rewarded the pious confidence which he expressd in its care, by providing for him protectors and patrons, by whose assistance he obtained advantages, which, had his father lived, might perhaps never have opened to him.

He lived with his mother about a year after his father's death, and began to be distinguished as a young man of uncommon parts and genius. These were at that time unassisted by learning; the circumstances of his family affording him no better education than the smattering of Latin which his companions had taught him, and the peru-

sal and recollection of the few English authors, which they, or his father, in the interval of his professional labours, had read to him.

[*To be continued.*]

For the Port Folio.

THE DRAMA.

MR. OLDSCHOOL,

The *Theatrical Censor* of Saturday last, in commenting on Mr. Fennell's performance of *Hamlet*, proposes a reading of SHAKESPEARE to which I find myself unable to agree. For the better support of my own opinion, I shall quote the passage rather more at large than it has been done by the *Censor*. It occurs in *Act* 1, *scene* 2.

Horatio.
I came, my lord, to see your *father*'s funeral.
Hamlet.
I pray thee, do not mock me, fellow student;
I think it was to see my *mother*'s wedding.
Horatio.
Indeed, my lord, it followed hard upon.
Hamlet.
Thrift, thrift, Horatio! The fun'ral bak'd-meats
Did coldly furnish forth the marriage tables.
Would I had met my dearest foe in heaven,
Or ever I had seen that day, Horatio!—
My *father*,—Methinks I see my father.
Horatio.
O where, my lord?
Hamlet.
In my mind's eye, Horatio.
Horatio.
I saw him once, he was a goodly king.
Hamlet.
He was a man, take him for all in all,
I shall not look upon his like again.

Mr. Fennell, it seems, reads, 'He *was* a man;' and the *Censor*, 'He was a *man*:' I read,

Hĕ wăs ă măn, take him for all in all, &c.

If Mr. Fennell read, 'He *was* a man,' we must understand an opposition in point of *time*, of which, as it respects a dead man, I cannot discover either the use or beauty. But the *Censor* supposes that 'Shakespear undoubtedly meant to 'say, A *king*, he was more than a king; 'he was a *man*;—which includes all the 'qualities of earthly honor.' If the *Censor* be right, the lines ought to be punctuated thus:

He was a man. Take him for all in all,
I shall not look upon his like again.

But did SHAKESPEARE 'undoubtedly mean' to say any such thing? Does not Hamlet merely take up and amplify the sentiment of Horatio, without, in the slightest degree, opposing or correcting it? I will give you my view of the whole passage I have quoted.

Horatio and Marcellus resolve on imparting to young Hamlet, what they have seen, and it is for this purpose they enter, in the scene before us. They find Hamlet in the midst of a melancholy and indignant soliloquy. Hamlet urges Horatio to say what is his 'affair in Elsineur.' Horatio replies,

My lord, I came to see your father's funeral.

Hamlet, whose thoughts are full of that very subject, together with his mother's hasty marriage, makes a very natural *correction:*

I think it was to see my *mother*'s wedding.

But the mention of his father has fixed itself on his mind:

My father,—Methinks I see my father.

Horatio, who *has* seen his father, and whose present business it is to acquaint him with that event, is startled: he exclaims, with lively, yet moderate, emotion—

O where, my lord?

Relieved by Hamlet's reply—

In my mind's eye, Horatio;

and feeling it necessary to say something, and respectfully, of a man of whom, however, he knew but little, as well as to open what he has to relate, with evidence that he was not absolutely ignorant of the living person of Hamlet's father, he observes,

I saw him once, he was a goodly king.

Now, it is not to the *time when* he was a 'goodly king,' nor to the specific qualities of a *king*, as opposed to the general qualities of a *man*, that Hamlet replies; but, to the epithet *goodly*. He is not anxious to shew that what is said of a dead person must be understood of what he *was*, and not what he *is;* nor is he *correcting* the language of Horatio, as to his calling his father a *king*, rather than a *man*. Indeed, it is as easy to understand by 'a goodly king,' one who possesses the good qualities of a

king, and a *man;* as by 'man,' the inclusion of all the qualities of a *man* and a *king*.

Horatio, when he says of Hamlet's father, that he 'saw him once, he was a goodly king,' only imputes to him a respectable person, and kingly deportment, qualities which it was easy to discover at 'once' seeing; but Hamlet, who loved him much, and knew him better, assures his friend that there was a larger scope for panegyric. But what enlargement? That 'he was more than a king; he was a *man*?' No! surely; but that, allowing at the same time for human imperfection, he was more than *goodly*, whether in appearance or real character: 'He was a man,' no matter whether *man* or *king*; for the person spoken of was both, and the virtues attributed belonged to both;

He was a man, *take him for all in all,*
I [or *eye*] shall not look upon his like again!

The amount of my argument is, that Hamlet should reply neither with reference to *time*, nor to the title of *king*, but to *goodly*; and, if so, there will be no stress upon any part of that member of sentence,

He was a man—

I have inserted, between brackets, the emendation *eye*, for *I;* because I think, with those to whom it appears highly probable, that SHAKESPEARE so wrote it; and it must be allowed that this expression conveys a nobler, because bolder sentiment, than the other. By a construction of the common reading, it would be nothing to be wondered at, if we some day heard this beautiful antithesis:

Hamlet.
I shall not look upon his like again.
Horatio.
My lord, I think *I* saw him yesternight.

To the spirit of another criticism of the *Censor*, I wish not to conclude this letter, without subjoining my cordial subscription. I say spirit, because I cannot vouch for the accuracy of the remark, as applied to Mr. Fennell, not having had the pleasure of witnessing his performance of this part; a misfortune which must excuse my neglecting to add to these animadversions, those praises which all my friends assure me he fully earned.

Sir, the *Censor* observes, 'In the second scene, we do not admire Mr. Fennell's leaning against a tree, after he utters,

Whither wilt thou lead me? I'll go no further.

The agitation naturally occasioned by the presence of a ghost would chase away every idea of rest. Hamlet should not appear wearied, but, from the strong superstition of the times, be afraid to venture further, at the beck of a phantom.'

It is in the impropriety of this expression of weariness, on the part of Hamlet, that I thoroughly agree, though I would hold language in a slight degree different. The *Censor* is perfectly right in attributing Hamlet's reluctance to proceed, to fear rather than fatigue; but I am of opinion he might have found in the text, not only the most conclusive arguments upon this question, but a stricter view of the precise object of his fear. He is not afraid to follow the ghost of his father, but the simular of such a ghost. The idea that he may be imposed upon, that his senses may be abused by some demon, assuming the shape of his father, and tempting him to acts which, if the story of the murder were false, would be unjustifiable, is what possesses him from the first moment in which he hears of the ghost, and to satisfy which he prepares the *play*.

I'll have these play'rs
Play something like the murder of my father
Before my uncle: I'll observe his looks;
I'll tent him to the quick; if he do blench,
I know my course. The spirit that I have seen
May be a devil; and the devil hath pow'r
To assume a pleasing shape; yea, and perhaps
Out of my weakness, and my melancholy
(As he is very potent with such spirits),
Abuses me, to damn me. I'll have grounds
More relative than this; the play's the thing
Wherein I'll catch the conscience of the king.

It would be tedious to collect all the expressions of Hamlet, dictated by what, as it regards the Ghost, I have said is his ruling idea. It will be sufficient to call to mind, that he betrays it in the most distinct manner in the first speech

he addresses to the Ghost, and in the well-known line,—

Be thou a spirit of health, or goblin damn'd.

Certainly, then, it is not through weariness, but resolution, that Hamlet says he will 'go no further.' Indeed, his own apprehensions had been corroborated by the anxious deprecations of Horatio:

What if it tempt you toward the flood, my lord!
Or to the dreadful summit of the cliff
That beetles o'er his base into the sea,
And there assume *some other horrible form*,
Which might deprive your sov'reignty of reason?

It is perhaps too obvious to deserve a remark, that Hamlet and his friends are addicted to that particular superstition which supposes the apparition of departed souls produced by demons, assuming their form, or at least that demons are capable of this assumption.

Hamlet's reluctance to proceed, is, therefore, sufficiently accounted for, without the imputation of weariness, which is, indeed, out of the question, for he has followed the Ghost only to 'a more remote part of the platform;' and I suspect that Mr. Fennell himself designed to express, rather the faintness of fear than that of fatigue: but, if so, even here he was equally in the wrong. The terrible, if it do not suddenly overwhelm, invigorates. Hamlet, himself, discovers and describes this feeling:

My fate cries out,
And makes each petty artery in this body
As hardy as the Nemean lion's nerve!

On trying occasions, our spirits rally, and enable us to 'meet fire with fire;' if we sink, it is when the occasion is past; like the racer, who dies, not in the race, but at the goal.

INQUISITOR.

For the Port Folio.

MISCELLANY.

Mr. Oldschool,

Though *The Grumblers*, in a late Port Folio, cannot be regarded as very impartial censors, yet there is some truth in their remarks; and truth is valuable, from whatever lips it proceeds. Let me add, there are few places where some check on the extravagance of the fashion in question is more necessary than in Philadelphia.

The idea is not wholly without foundation, that the ancient dress placed the woman 'as in a citadel;' and I am of opinion that your fair readers may derive some useful hints from this part of the *grumblings*. To 'clap the padlock on the mind,' is a sentiment with which I am too well agreed, to regret the disuse of that armour by which our grandmothers are supposed to have been defended, but one or two of whom, as well as my aunt Dinah, unless legends lie, were,—

Naked, though lock'd up in steel.

But I am disposed to look forward with serenity. This revolution may indeed be productive of some temporary disorders; but if female virtue have lost some of her outworks, I am convinced that she will waste no time in throwing up new entrenchments, and strengthening her more important posts. In a word, I am sure that if the sex, in our day, have withdrawn itself from a part of that protection which it derived from the Dealers in Hoop-petticoats, &c. &c. it will only find itself forced into a nobler reliance on resources of its own. It will recollect, that because it is more exposed, it has need of more support; and that it is more exposed, as well in one sense as in another, cannot, I believe, be denied. Your *Grumblers* pretend, that, while the ancient modes existed, they might have defied a lady to be as light in her gait, or as giddy in her manners, as the ladies of the present day. I shall not presume to speak of the ladies of the present day; but I am well aware that new situations are productive of some degree of awkwardness, and attended with some difficulties: my comfort is, that they cannot remain always new. Compared with what has been, females now come abroad without their clothes; and (for I leave the rest to their physicians) I have nothing to say, but that they must carry themselves accordingly. When a child is taken out of its go-cart (which, by the way, is a machine very like a

hoop-petticoat), it must walk with more caution than before: at least, it must remember that it is without it.

I will add but one word more. Our fathers often heard it said, that women did not lose every thing by the concealment of their charms; but it was left for their sons to make this observation with their own eyes. There was a time, when every woman that had a pretty face might have passed for a Venus; but those days of imposture are an end. The strong holds of superstition are destroyed; the sanctuary is thrown open to day-light; the inside of the idol is laid bare. It is for this reason, that I am under no concern about our sons. So far from thinking them in more danger from the sex than we have been, I am satisfied that they are in less. Where we were worshippers, they will be inquirers; where we believed, they will examine; where we resigned ourselves to transport, they will employ themselves in criticism. All that sages have desired will be accomplished; the violence of passion will be checked by the reins of judgment. Admirable prospect! and which might be *said* by Mr. Kant, and *sung* in the *Millennium*, among the proofs of the *perfectibility* of man, and the near approach of its consummation!

—But I have gone too far; and, though I talked only of one word more, I must correct myself, even at the expence of fifty. I have said that I am in no concern about our sons. I was going beyond the rule (how common a case!) and *thinking* as well as *speaking* with the vulgar. Yes, there is a point of view, in which I certainly am somewhat uneasy about our sons! There is no good without its attendant evil; and I see, with sorrow, that this order of things, upon which I have dwelt with so much complacency, will not be altogether to the advantage of society. When I expressed myeslf as I did, it was in reference to nothing but wealth and reputation. I had forgotten (like so many others) that these do not entirely complete the circle of human excellence. I had absolutely forgotten, nothing less than all that elevates humanity above the brute and the money-changer. It was out of my calculation, that as the empire of beauty declines, that of wealth advances; that in proportion as the heart cools, the man returns to clay; and that whatever is taken from the altar of Venus, is laid upon the baser one of Plutus. Man becomes a machine, and *woman* nothing but a *female*.

Our sons, then, may be in less danger of marrying fortunes unworthy of their hopes; they may more easily escape those unhappy attachments that have afflicted, and those guilty ones that have disgraced, some of the ornaments of our species; but, with their susceptibility, there is reason to fear, they may lose a portion of that generosity, that self-devotion, which has exalted passion, which has been the glory of humanity, which the world has so much loved, and which it never loved too well.

But some signal advantages, I still insist, are to be derived from the modern fashions. I remember to have heard an elderly gentleman confess, that when he began to practice the art of drawing, he bungled sadly in what concerned the ladies' legs. All the rest went on swimmingly. A head-dress was infinitely easier than one of your heads from the antique; two arms, making angles of forty-five, were soon put on; a stomacher had nothing difficult; and, as to a bell-hoop, it was done at three strokes; but when the feet were to be added, the rapid and firm hand of a master was no longer his own; all was indecision, and that feebleness of touch which betrays the incertainty of the mind. Were they to be placed together, in a line perpendicular to the head, or apart, near the two extremities of the hoop?

Thanks to the kindness of those who keep the key, our boys will labour under no such ignorance. They will know, not only the contours of the limbs, but the anatomy of the muscles. Those who are without access to plaster models, will form their taste along the streets. Every city is become a school, and, to use the language of the art, a *live academy:*

Non vide me' di me chi vide il vero.

Already, in numerous instances, we have heard of self-taught genius; but what may we not anticipate, now that nothing is kept from the tyro's eye? What hosts of Guidos, and how many Praxiteles, ought there not be formed among our errand-boys and shopmen? In the writings of an author of great account in these matters, I find a passage wonderfully to my purpose: 'It was the peculiar happiness of the Greeks, to be able to characterize and express the several parts of the human body much better than we can pretend to do; and this on account of their particular application to the study of naked figures, especially the fine living ones which they had continually before their eyes.' But, again, when I consider with what sparingness nature produces those finished works that display the perfection of her plan, and what an unhappy propensity there is in men of ordinary minds to copy from ordinary standards, I confess my fears that good taste may not always be nurtured among the crowd, where the mind will be apt to submit too servilely to the eye, and imagine to itself nothing higher than what is daily before it: Stultissimum credo ad imitandum non optima quæque proponere. Indeed, I sometimes wonder, that this *wet drapery* (for it is this that is evidently the object of imitation) should continue so long the mode, considering how injurious it is to the many, to court a comparison with—

The statue that enchants the world.

One of your correspondents, whom I am sorry to say is almost as wicked as he is witty, has accounted for the origin of this *cool regimen*, by a tradition concerning which, in order to spare a world of blushes, I shall preserve the most decorous silence. For my part, I had always imagined it to have sprung from the natural audacity of some undoubted beauty. Her I supposed to have challenged competition with her sex, and, proud of victory, to have persevered in the scheme of conquest; but how it has happened that the rest not only fell into the ambuscade, but continue the unequal combat, instead of retiring to their masked batteries,

Dolci cose a vedere, e dolci inganni,

is what I am at a loss to account for; unless, indeed, both parties sing *Te Deum* for success, as Cadiz illuminates for the victory of Trafalgar; a compromise which I, as a mutual friend, shall be the last to find fault with.

But is this fashion likely to endure for ever? Is it so far founded on the fixed principles of beauty, as to deserve to last? On these questions, at an early opportunity, I propose to trouble you with some reflections.

AMATOR.

For the Port Folio.

Mr. Oldschool,

Much as the English and American editors may blunder in their quotations, in the different languages, I think you will allow that the French editors are not behind hand with them. The other day I met with a publication lately printed at Paris, called *Le Panthéon Littéraire*, in which is the following verse of Gray's Elegy in a Country Church-yard.

Let nos ambition mock their useful toits
there homely soys and destini obscure; nor
grandeur hear wlihs a didinful simile tha
shots and simpli annals of the poor.

VIATOR.

For the Port Folio.

REVIEW.

NATURE EXPLAINED,

By d'Orlic. Philadelphia, printed at the Lorenzo press of E. Bronson, 1806.

The singularity of this title cannot fail to excite the attention of every man, alive to the wonders of Nature; and he must feel disappointed, as well as ourselves, when he finds that 'Nature Explained' is only a puny attempt to throw into disrepute a new mode of teaching French, which, it seems, is sanctioned by the unerring voice of public opinion. Monsieur d'Orlic (who, from the name and from the style of the work, we imagine to be a Frenchman) commences by informing us that 'every one, who has paid 'for it, is at liberty to make any remarks he 'may think fit concerning his property.'— Of this licence we avail ourselves; as we certainly have most dearly *paid for it*, by giving it a reading. 'This pamphlet,' says the author, 'is divided into two parts; the 'first, referring to the first volume of the

'work [Nature Displayed], is a dialogue 'between an American and a professor of 'the French language; in which the profes- 'sor most commonly answers with the very 'words of the preliminary discourse of that 'book.' Of this dialogue we present the following specimen:

'*American.* I have been told, sir, you are a French master: I wish to learn so useful and fashionable a language.

'*Professor.* I am not, sir, a French master, but a professor of the French language; its usefulness is happily and generally acknowledged. Nobody is more capable than I to teach you; for I use a method discovered not long ago, which renders *the acquisition of language by far more easy and expeditious than any other that has ever yet been published.*

'*American.* I beg your pardon. I perceive how important it is to know the difference that exists between professor and master; pray acquaint me with it.

'*Professor.* Willingly. Professor signifies the fulness of the new art of tuition; master of that of *the old, stale, threadbare grammatical system.*'

In the first part of this conversation it will be perceived that *French master* is made a language; and, in the last speech, *professor* is made to signify, *the fulness of the* new art of tuition.

If the reader wish to wade further in this quagmire, he *must pay for the pamphlet.* We shall conclude our observations in the words of the author. 'If some innocent pleasantries 'come now and then to place themselves 'between barren and tedious subjects, it is 'with moderation.' We would, however, counsel M. d'Orlic to hold in view these lines of his countryman:

Sans la langue, en un mot, l'auteur le plus divin
Est toujours, quoiqu'il fasse, un mechant écrivain.

For the Port Folio.

DEATHS ABROAD.

Of an apoplectic fit, JOHN EDWIN, of the Theatre Royal, Dublin, brother of Mr. Edwin, engraver, of this city, and many years a favorite comedian of the Bath and Bristol theatres. He was a native of Bath; and had his assiduity kept pace with his abilities, he would have risen to great eminence in his profession. He had received a more than tolerably good education; was well grounded in history and geography, and a master of the lighter accomplishments of music, dancing, fencing, &c.—His death was supposed to have been accelerated by the abuse which had been illiberally bestowed upon him in some dramatic strictures, intitled, 'Familiar Epistles.' As a compliment to his memory, Mr. Jones, the manager, shut the theatre in the evening, conscious that his brother-actors, who held him in great esteem, would be unequal to perform. He was to have sustained the principal part in the new play of the School of Reform, on the above evening.—'As a man (says the Dublin Journal), he was, we believe, most estimable.'—When his professional duties permitted, he occasionally employed himself in translating and adapting pieces for the stage, and the public will, perhaps, be surprised to hear that the play of the Stranger was principally translated by him, though completed by its present avowed author. At the request of Mr. Johnstone, he was induced to write the song called "Paddy's Description of Pizarro," which has generally been attributed to the pen of that gentleman himself.

JOHN BADEN, professor of eloquence and the Latin tongue in the university of Copenhagen. His death is a serious loss to the literary world. He began his connection with that institution in 1779; his labours were not confined to the pupils at the National College; he devoted a great portion of his time to advance the Danish language to its highest state of improvement; and his translation of Tacitus rivals the original for precision, taste, and purity of diction. He also published a German and Danish Dictionary, known to every modern linguist. In the latter years of his life he found himself inadequate to the active duties of his public situation, and retired, but not without an honourable proof of the approbation of the Danish government.

At Rome, GUGLIELMI, aged 76. His forte lay in the *opera buffa*, though he has likewise succeeded in serious operas, masses, and Te Deums. He has left a great number of esteemed works, and a son who treads in his steps.

For the Port Folio.

VARIETY.

Variety is charming,
Constancy is not for me,
So, ladies, you have warning.

OLD BALLAD.

One of my favorites among the minor poets is Sir John Suckling. He writes with all the courtiers ease, and displays much of the lover's fire. He is singularly happy whenever *la belle passion* is his theme.

My dearest rival, lest our love
Should with eccentric motion move,
Before it learn to go astray,
We'll teach and set it in a way;
And such directions give unto't
That it shall never wander foot.
Know first, then, we will serve as true,
For one poor smile, as we would do
If we had what our higher fame,
Or our vainer wish could frame.

Impossible shall be our hope;
And Love shall only have his scope
To join with Fancy now and then,
And think what reason would condemn:
And, on these grounds, we'll love as true
As if they were most sure t' ensue:
And chastely for these things we'll stay,
As if to-morrow were the day.
Meantime, we two will teach our hearts
In love's burdens to bear their parts:
Thou first shalt sigh, and say, She's fair;
And I'll still answer, Past compare.
Thou shalt set out each part o' th' face,
While I extol each little grace;
Thou shalt be ravish'd at her wit;
And I, that she so governs it.
Thou shalt like well that hand, that eye,
That lip, that look, that majesty;
And in good language them adore,
While I want words, and do it more.
Yea, we will sip, and sigh a while,
And, with soft thoughts some time beguile;
But straight again break out, and praise
All we had done before, new ways.
Thus will we do till paler death
Come with a warrant for our breath;
And then whose fate shall be to die
First of us two, by legacy,
Shall all his store bequeath, and give
His love to him that shall survive;
For no one stock can ever serve
To love so much as she'll deserve.

ROWE, with some licence of thought, if not falsehood of theory, thus describes the contest between Nature and Art, in the female bosom:

In vain all arts a love-sick virgin tries,
Affects to frown and seems severely wise,
In hopes to cheat the wary lover's eyes:
If the dear youth her pity strives to move,
And pleads with tenderness the cause of love,
Nature asserts her empire in her heart,
And kindly takes the faithful lover's part,
By Love, herself, and Nature, thus betray'd,
No more she trusts in Pride's fantastic aid,
But bids her eyes confess the yielding maid.

There is a tender melancholy in the cadence of the following verses, so truly in accord with the occasion and sentiment, that they must ever deserve a high rank in literature. We should be happy to receive a translation.

Stances par Malherbe.

Ta douleur, Duperrier, sera donc éternelle,
Et les tristes discours
Que te met, en l'esprit, l'amitié paternelle,
L'augmenteront toujours.

Le malheur de ta fille, au tombeau descendue
Par un commun trépas,
Est-ce quelque dédale, où ta raison perdue
Ne se retrouve pas?

Elle était de ce monde, où les plus belles choses,
Ont le pire destin;
Et Rose elle a vécu, ce que vivent les roses,
L'espace d'un matin.

In one of the early volumes of the Port Folio, the ensuing Ballad was inserted, as sent to us in manuscript by a correspondent, who prefixed to it the following remark:

'*Mr. Oldschool*,

The following piece has been already printed in an English paper, but probably has not been seen in America; it is now offered for your consideration. You, no doubt, will, with me, acknowledge and lament, that the picture is too true.

HAMLET.'

A literary friend of New York, to whom we are frequently obliged, has lately corrected the assertion of our first correspondent, in the following words:

'Your correspondent thinks erroneously. The best impression of this beautiful imitation of Dibdin's High-mettled Racer, which has appeared on this side the Atlantic, was published some years ago in the Mercantile Advertiser. It stood, to the best of my recollection, with these corrections.'

We are now happy to give the public a correct copy of a pathetic poem, containing a description not more beautiful than just.

BLUE-EY'D MARY.

In a cottage, embosom'd within a deep shade,
Like a rose in a desert, oh! view the meek maid!
Her aspect all sweetness, engaging her eye,
And a bosom, for which e'en a monarch might sigh;
Then, in neat Sunday gown, see her met by the 'squire;
All attraction her countenance, his all desire:
He accosts her—she blushes; he flatters—she smiles;
And poor blue-ey'd Mary's seduced by his wiles.

Now with drops of contrition her pillow's wet o'er;
But the fleece, when once stain'd, can know whiteness no more.
The aged folks whisper, the maidens look shy:
To town the 'squire presses; how can she deny?

There behold her in lodgings: she dresses in style;
Public places frequents, sighs no more, but reads Hoyle!
Till learning to squander, his love turns to hate,
And poor blue-ey'd Mary is left to her fate!

Still of beauty possest, and not yet void of shame,
With a heart that recoils at a prostitute's name,
She tries for a service; her character's gone—
And for skill at her needle, alas! 'tis unknown.
Pale want now approaches—the pawnbroker's near,
And her trinkets and clothes, one by one, disappear;
'Till at length sorely pinch'd, and quite desperate grown,
The poor blue-ey'd Mary is forc'd on the town.

In a brothel next view her, trick'd out to allure,
And *all ages*, all *humours*, compell'd to *endure;*
Compell'd, tho' disgusted, to wheedle and feign,
With an aspect all smiles, and a bosom all pain:
Now caress'd, now insulted, now flatter'd, now scorn'd,
And by ruffians and drunkards oft wantonly spurn'd.
This worst of all mis'ry she 's doom'd to endure,
For poor blue-ey'd Mary is now an impure.

Next, to banish all thought, and to stifle remorse,
She flies to the bottle—O fatal resource!
Grows stupid, and bloated, and lost to all shame,
Whilst a dreadful disease is pervading her frame.
Now with eyes dim and languid, the once blooming maid,
In a garret, on straw, faint and helpless is laid:
Oh, view her pale cheek!—see, she scarce draws her breath,
And the blue eyes of Mary are closed in death!

Ben Jonson's beautiful song, 'Drink to me only with thine eyes,' &c. suggested the following parody. The interlocutors are two imported *patriots*, who pledge each other in a glass of grog, and hiccup out the following compliments:

Drink to me only from thy bowl,
And I will pledge with mine,
But leave some grog within the glass;
You can't afford me wine.
The thirst that from poor Pat doth rise
Doth ask no ruby wine;
For might I of Jove's nectar quaff,
I'd gulp down none but thine.

I sent thee late a can of flip
(Not so much honoring thee)
As giving it a chance that there
It might not fuddle me.
But thou thereof didst only sip,
And sent it back to me,
Since which 'tis filth, and smells, I swear,
Not of new rum, but thee.

In a former number of the Port Folio, we published a beautiful *paraphrase*,* by Mercutio, of the original French of the following fable. A lady of considerable rank in literature has lately introduced in a novel the following translation. It is pretty, but lacks the vivacity of Mercutio.

TIME AND CUPID.

By Mrs. Le Noir.

His life in travelling always spent,
Old Time, a much renowned wight,
To a wide river's margin went,
And called for aid with all his might:
Will none have pity on my years?
I, that preside in every clime;
Oh, my good friends and passengers,
Lend, lend a hand to passing Time!

Full many a young and sprightly lass
Upon the adverse bank appear'd;
Who eager sought old Time to pass
In a small bark, by Cupid steer'd.
But one, the wisest, as I ween,
Repeated oft this moral rhyme,
Ah! many a one has shipwreck'd been,
Thoughtless, and gay, in passing Time.

Blythe Cupid soon the bark unmoor'd,
And spread the highly-waving sail;
He took old father Time on board,
And gave his canvass to the gale:
Then, joyous, as he row'd along,
He oft exclaim'd, 'Observe, my lasses,
Attend the burden of my song,
How sprightly Time with Cupid passes!'

At length the urchin weary grew,
For soon, or late, 'tis still his case;
He dropt the oar, and rudder too—
Time steer'd the vessel in his place.
Triumphant, now the veteran cries,
'Tis now my turn, you find, young lasses,
What the old proverb says is wise,
That Love with Time as lightly passes.

When on the subject of Voltaire's absurd translation and abuse of many passages in Shakespear, the insconsis-

* By an error of the press, this very elegant paraphrase was called a translation.

tency of the Frenchman's conduct was arraigned in conversation, a man of wit observed, that Voltaire acted as some highwaymen do, rob first, and then find safety in murdering their prey.

In an English imitation of *Le Diable Boiteux* of Le Sage, not much inferior to the admirable original, we find the following sprightly passage:

'I must beg you to observe, says Asmodeus, yonder man, who is now crossing the street with a lady hanging upon his arm, and three children walking before them. He is a gentleman and an author, who helps a small fortune by the employment of his literary talents. He has fancy, knowledge and industry, and deserves well of society and his country; for he contrives every year to produce a well-written book and a fine child. And his wife, who is a very clever, as well as a very pretty woman, assists him in both.'

The following original Poem by POPE is not included in any of the common editions of his Works. We preserve it as a curiosity; and, though it be a mere bagatelle, written in a spirit altogether different from the rest of this Poet's works, yet it contains many picturesque passages. The sixth stanza is extremely lively, and the tenth, in which the Poet has painted his own miniature, is a most exquisite likeness.

A Farewell to London in the year 1714.

Dear, damn'd, disgusting, town, farewell!
Thy fools no more I'll teize:
This year, in peace, ye critics, dwell,
Ye harlots, sleep at ease!

Soft B———, and rough C——'s adieu!
Earl Warwick make your moan
The lively H———k, and you,
May knock up w——s alone.

To drink and droll be Rowe allowed;
Till the third watchmen toll,
Let Jervase gratis paint, and Frowd,
Save threepence and his soul.

Farewell Arbuthnot's raillery
On every learned sot;
And Garth, the best good christian he,
Although he knows it not.

Lintot, farewell! thy bard must go;
Farewell, unhappy Tonson!
Heaven gives thee, for thy loss of Rowe,
Lean Philips, and fat Jonson.

Why should I stay? Both parties rage;
My vixen mistress squalls;
The wits in envious feuds engage,
And Homer (damn him!) calls.

The love of arts lies cold and dead,
In Halifax's urn;
And not one Muse, of all he fed,
Has had the grace to mourn.

My friends, by turns, my friends confound,
Betray, and are betray'd;
Poor Y———'rs sold for fifty pound,
And B———ll is a jade.

Why make I friendships with the great?
When I no favour seek;
Or follow girls seven hours in eight,
I need but once a week.

Still idle, with a busy air,
Deep whimsies to contrive;
The gayest valetudinaire,
Most thinking rake alive.

Solicitous for others' ends,
Though fond of dear repose;
Careless or drowsy with my friends,
And frolic with my foes.

Laborious, lobster nights, farewell!
For sober, studious days;
And Burlington's delicious meal,
For sallad, tarts and peas.

Adieu to all but Gay alone,
Whose soul, sincere and free,
Loves all mankind, but flatters none,
And so may starve with me.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

'Crito' is but a pseudo critic. He has not collected even the tools of his trade; nay, he cannot even call them correctly by name. Anomalous as he is, Pope has accurately classed such a character as Crito:

Whate'er of dunce in college or in town,
Sneers at another in toupee or gown;
Whate'er of mongrel no one class admits,
A wit with dunces, and a dunce with wits.

'Master Slender' delights us. His poem is a very elegant compliment of the value of which, the Editor is fully sensible. We can find fault with nothing in a poem which may class with the Retaliation of GOLDSMITH, except the assumption of the name of one of the simplest characters in SHAKESPEAR. But *my* master Slender has no resemblance to his namesake in the play. He neither whines for a rustic Ann Page, nor 'speaks small, like a woman.'

ORIGINAL POETRY.

For the Port Folio.

RESIGNATION.

Sorrow's drear morn to this sad heart returns,
And exil'd Hope her blighted garland mourns—
O'er spring's green vales cold disappointment throws
Her icy arm, and sheds untimely snows;
On the dark wing of storm and tempest borne,
Each bud is scatter'd and each blossom torn—
Torn from the shaded bowers of social ease,
And 'whelm'd beneath affliction's swelling seas.
Insatiate death! stern messenger of pain!
'Thy darts flew *thrice*, and *thrice* my peace was slain,'
Long-cherish'd ties, which gratitude had wove,
And all the trembling chords of filial love—
Friendship's gay blooms, impearl'd with many a tear,
And each soft pensive charm to memory dear—
O'er these, alas! I saw thy banners wave,
And Hope's last gleam expire at yonder grave.
—When, lo! descending from her azure height,
Mercy's fair hand unveil'd ethereal light:
Bade Resignation bend the suppliant knee—
And bleeding Nature steep her wounds in Thee—
To Thee, Supreme! the orphan's sigh preferr'd—
And at Thy throne, the pray'r of Faith was heard.

E.

TIME.

From the French Stanzas in the PORT FOLIO, *Vol. V. (O. S.) No. 45.*

Much has been said and sung of TIME,
And I, too, weave the votive rhyme:
To me 't has brought enfeebled age,
And from me stol'n my youthful rage,
Yet raise I no reproachful song;
If in its train be pining CARE,
HOPE, also, with it comes along,
HOPE, by whose aid our ills we bear!

Bend we to-day beneath the pow'r
Of SORROW, bearing down the heart,
TIME hastens on the happy hour
In which we with our tears shall part!
Of rapid wing, and prompt to fly,
TIME swiftly still our grasp escapes;
But, with as swift a pace, trip by
The PLEASURES, in their thousand shapes!

There is not any kind of joy,
But for it TIME permits us use it;
TIME 'tis delightful to employ,
And bliss, still more, it is to lose it!
How slow its motion, tells the lover
To her who, cruel, still denies;
And, a favour would he ravish,
How very quick the bald-pate flies!

Learning we owe to TIME; and arts;
Their glory, and their recompence;
TIME stores with sentiment our hearts;
TIME justifies our confidence:
To our deceiv'd, misjudging eyes,
TIME, in adversity, doth show
The false friend, whence our griefs arise,
The true, that kindly shares our woe!

MARY! fond lovers, faithful friends,
From TIME draw forth a sweet reliance;
United long, like us, they set
The future at a calm defiance!
TIME, his efforts making ever,
O'er all things to extend command,
Strengthens what he finds can never
Be injur'd by his restless hand!

THE ADIEU.

From the French of Marot.

Ah! Myra, since no more thy face I see,
To lonely wilds, a hopeless wretch, I flee,
To ask of heaven, that, if belov'd of you,
Another may, like me, your honour prize!
Love, love, adieu! thou graceful form adieu!
Adieu that bloom, adieu those melting eyes!
Adieu! me little have you deign'd to bless;
More kind, perhaps, you'll prove to one who loves you less!

RONDEAU,

Par Malherbe, contre l'abbé de Bois-Robert.

Coëffé d'un froc bien raffiné,
Et revêtu d'un doyenné,
Qui lui rapporte de quoi frire,
Frère Renné devint messire,
Et vit comme un déterminé;
Un prélat riche et fortuné,
Sous un bonnet enluminé,
En est, s'il le faut ainsi dire,
Coëffé,
Ce n'est pas que frère René
D'aucun mérite soit orné,
Qu'il soit docte, qu'il sache écrire,
Ni qu'il dise le mot pour rire:
Mais seulement c'est qu'il est né
Coëffé.

SONNET,

Adressé par Mainard au Cardinal Richelieu.

Par votre humeur le monde est gouverné;
Vos volontés font le calme et l'orage,
Et vous riez de me voir confiné,
Loin de la cour, dans mon petit village.
Cléomédon, mes desirs sont contens;
Je trouve beau le désert que j'habite,
Et connais bien qu'il faut céder au Tems,
Fuir l'éclat et devenir hermite.

Je suis heureux de vieillir sans emploi,
De me cacher, de vivre tout à moi,
D'avoir dompté la crainte et l'espérance;
Et si le Ciel, qui me traite si bien,
Avait pitié de vous et de la France,
Votre bonheur serait égal au mien.

FALSE BOSOMS.

Written in London, in the year 1798, *and when the ladies wore* FALSE BOSOMS, *which were to be purchased at the price of* HALF-A-CROWN *each.*

And is it because the fell robbers of France
Every *diadem* threaten to *break?*
And is it because the fell robbers of France
Lead *merit* and *worth* to the stake?

Say, is it for this, that now *false bosoms* bear
A value so *great* and so *high?*
Say, is it for this, that a *crown*, once so rare,
Only two, though so *common* and *worthless*, can buy?

THE STRAWBERRIES,

A TRIBUTE TO FASHION.

(*From the French stanzas inserted in the* PORT FOLIO, *p.* 16.)

I long not for the cherries on the tree
So much as those that on a lip I see;
And more affection bear I to the rose
That in a cheek than in a garden grows.

RANDOLPH'S *Muses' Looking-Glass.*

I love the gifts of Spring,
I love the charms of Youth;
For each its gifts doth bring,
Fruits delicate and sooth:
When in the Town I see
These Strawberries the mode,
Then clearly shines to me
The sense of Fashion's code!

Strawb'ries the bonnet deck,
Strawberries deck the vest;
Enwreath the iv'ry neck,
And lie on MARY'S breast:
Sweet these Strawb'ries are,
But (fancy this reveals!)
Two others, sweeter far,
The handkerchief conceals.

First present of the Season!
Budding Beauty's treasure!
When my hand enjoys
Of this or that the pleasure,
Blest, blest am I; and much
Fashion's voice I prize,
That gives my fav'rite fruit
So often to my eyes!

Strawb'ries, in MARY'S basket,
Full dainty stand confest;
And how they dainty show,
The Strawb'ries on her breast!
Lavish the fruit, the ornament,
Ye belles, but think it true,
The Strawberry of nature
We still prefer in you!

A VERSE FOR THE SLEIGH.

'How cold it is!'—Indeed, sir, cold?
'Yes, cold in ev'ry part!'
I can't agree; enough I see,
At least to warm the heart!

'Warm! I see nothing here to warm!'
Oh! how the story tells!
And can you see, and still be cold,
A city full of BELLS?

'I hate a pun!'—And I have done;
Leave frowning, why that wrinkle?
'*The bells of metal*, sir!'—You're right;—
In our ears that tinkle.

O shut your senses, if you will
To all but *bells* that jingle;
But *belles of mettle* still there are,
In our breasts that tingle!

'Zounds! with such fools I never meet
'As punsters, in my days!
'I mean the *sleigh-bells!*' So do I;
The *belles*, sir, *of the sleighs!*

BA-BEL.

ANOTHER.

They ask, if MARY, in the snow,
Like other women, *sleighs?*
Ye gods! and do these talkers know
So little of her ways?

Why, MARY no attention, man,
To time or weather pays;
But daily more, for more she can,
Than all her sex she *slays!*

EPIGRAM.

By Palladas of Alexandria.

Σκήνη πᾶς ὁ βιος.

This life's a theatre we well may call,
Where every actor must perform with art,
Or laugh it through, and make a *farce* of all,
Or learn to bear with grace his tragic part.

The Price of the Port Folio is Six Dollars per Annum, to be paid in advance.

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